



# WHEN A CITY GIRL GOES COUNTRY

By Annette Bridges

**M**y mamma used to tell absolutely everyone who learned I was getting married and moving to my husband's cattle ranch that she didn't send me to college to get my hands dirty. At the time I had no idea what she was worried about. I wasn't planning on getting any part of me dirty. I was simply going to live with my husband on his family's ranch. Yes, I guess I was going to be a rancher's wife, but I had my own career dreams that didn't include working cattle. Did I say I wasn't planning to get my hands or any other part of me dirty?

I was a city girl in love with a country boy. It was quite romantic to me. I adored his simple charm with his impeccable good manners and sincere chivalry. I loved his farmer's tan and sexy cowboy hats. He wasn't a man of many words, but his love was felt and expressed in his unconditional actions. There was no doubt he loved me as much as I loved him. Ours was a love at first sight story that I wholeheartedly believed was written in the stars. We met in line for a ride at Six Flags Over Texas. There was instant chemistry and connection. He left with my phone number and I went home and called my mom to proclaim that I had met the man I was going to marry, and that is exactly what happened seven months later.

I wasn't trying to flee the city. I wasn't looking for a slower paced life. I didn't have dreams of living off the land. I was clueless about any conveniences that would be given up. What was irrevocably true is that there was never a question about where we would live. I only wanted to be with the man I loved, and his family cattle ranch was where that would be, even if it meant I had to live next door to my in-laws. And it did. Another reality I was clueless about at the time.

Friends and family members had their questions and doubts about what seemed like two different worlds merging together. They wondered how our marriage would survive much less thrive. Thirty-eight years later we are happily married and living on our cattle ranch. Something apparently worked.

There have been many memorable moments, lessons learned, surprises and compromises along with challenges and accomplish-



Thirty-eight years ago, Annette Bridges uprooted her life to marry a farmer and follow him to Texas. (Photo courtesy Annette Bridges)

ments. In my columns that follow you will get the scoop.

To all of our doubting friends and family members and perhaps to some of you reading this column right now who have your own wonderings about the meshing of a city girl and a country boy, I would say consider this. The English idiom "don't judge a book by its

cover" is a metaphorical phrase which means "you shouldn't prejudge the worth or value of something or someone by outward appearance alone." I've learned that part of what makes life an amazing adventure is the many unexpected twists and turns that come along. And what's most important is to always believe something wonderful is going to happen. ☺